

ACORN

An illustration of two acorns, one slightly behind and to the right of the other, positioned centrally below the word 'ACORN'.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

Published by the Pupils of the Alameda High School.



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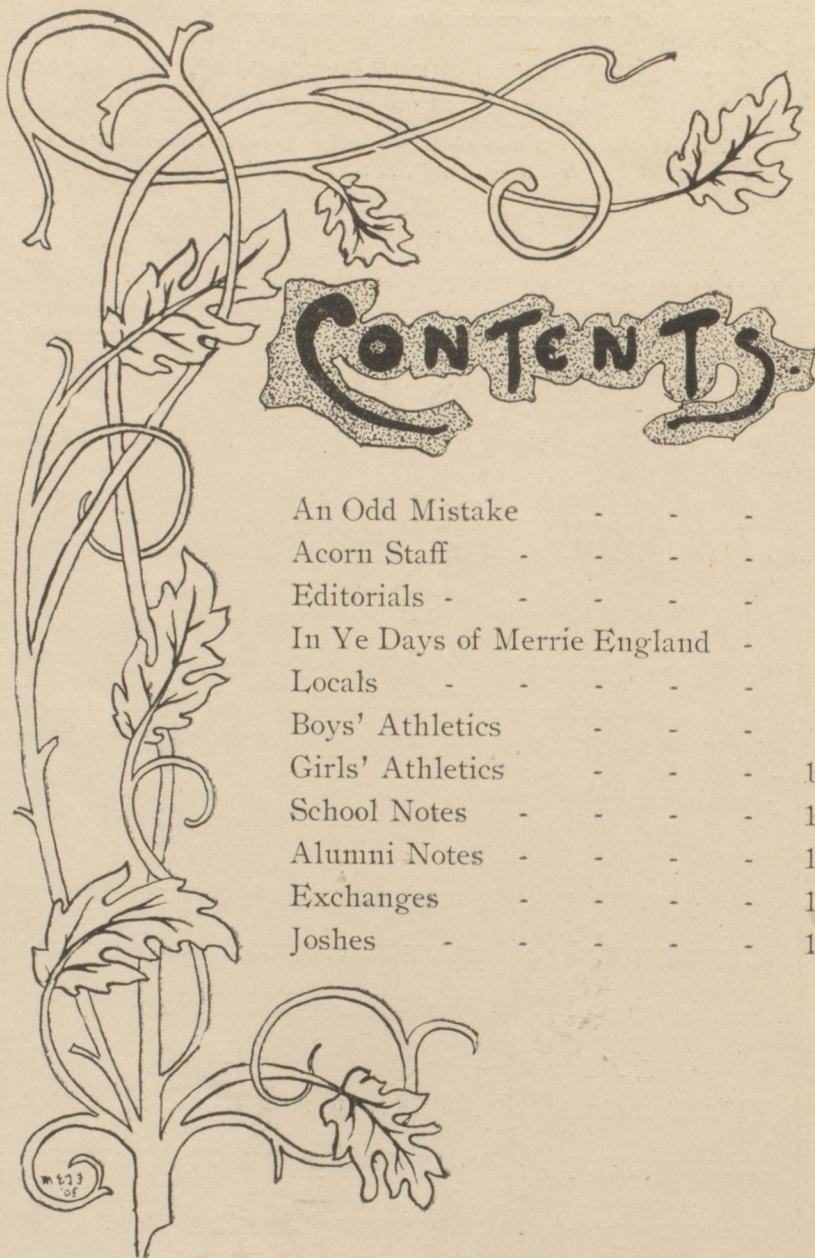
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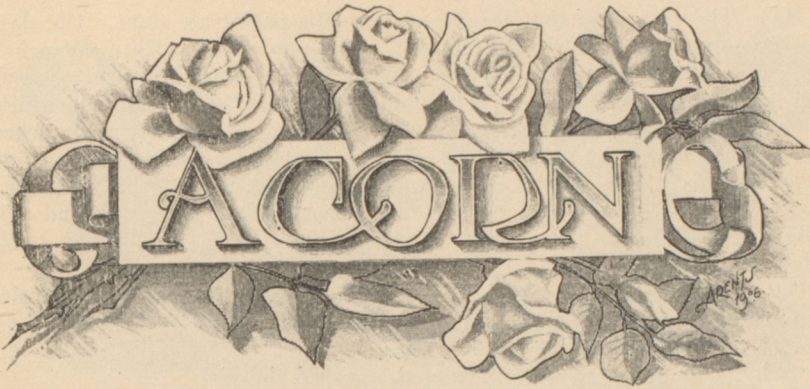
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CHESTNUT STATION ALAMEDA
CAL.



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An Odd Mistake.

"But, my dears, it's a boarding house all right. Any one can see that!" Mary Elizabeth's tone was decisive.

Adrienne Roland nodded her curly head emphatically. "It's a great mystery," she remarked.

"Aren't they funny?" "Isn't *she* beautiful?" "Who can they be?" asked Ethel and Kate and Tilly all at once.

"Well, young ladies, the point is this!" Mary Elizabeth rose from her seat on Adrienne's bed, and waved her hand solemnly through the air. "A certain grey house near our famous boarding school is full of mysteries which we cannot solve. It holds all sorts of people, but they hold themselves quite aloof from all their neighbors, and attend none of the wonderful fetes of which this village boasts. Now, what in this age of enlightenment, does all this mean?"

Tilly and Jane giggled.

"Silence, young ladies, until I finish! Now, there are three people in this house which interest us greatly. A young girl, of exceptional beauty, a tall, good-looking man and a short, swarthy one with a crafty look—we call them the Heroine, the Hero and the Villain. We are assembled here this afternoon to devise some plan by which we may discover——"

But the rest of Mary Elizabeth's speech was never heard. There was a loud knock at the door, a familiar yell, and a girl rushed in.

"Oh, girls, I just came by that grey house, and the Heroine and the Villain were quarreling. I heard him say he'd kill her if she didn't marry him. Fancy! When he saw me, he slammed the window. Let's go down there this evening and watch the room where they were this afternoon. I feel sure something terrible is going to happen—something tragic, you know, and in case it does, will do whatever we think is necessary."

The girls agreed. They usually did if Gladys Dearborn proposed it.

Had Madame been a less easily influenced body, she might never have consented to let the girls "just take a little walk around the grounds" that evening, and in that case this tale would never have been written. As it was, eleven girls glided silently through the front gate and sped down the road. They took their stand at the gate of the grey house and awaited developments.

Ha! The Hero and the Heroine were in the parlor all alone. Oh, dear, was he going to pull down the shades? To be sure, and within an inch of the sill! But girls will find a way. They walked stealthily over the garden, and by standing on a bench could see way through from the dining room to the room where the two young people sat. Ah, they were nearer one another now. And then—they went through a love scene which would have delighted the heart of any romantic school girl. But look! What was that? A dark shadow appeared on the other side of the room, and—the villain rushed in with a pistol. A shot penetrated the walls and smoke filled the room.

Out from the group of frightened girls rushed Gladys, and shouting "Help!" she ran up the steps and rang the bell. The Hero himself answered the door.

"Why, I thought you were murdered," gasped the girl.

"Murdered? I don't think so," he replied with a queer smile. "What made you think that?"

"We girls were looking through the window, I am ashamed to say, and we saw a man shoot you and heard the shot."

He laughed—a long, hearty laugh. "Come in and I'll explain!"

"But the girls are waiting for me. Why, where have they gone? They have skipped, and how will I get home?"

"I'll take you home pretty soon if you wish to hear my explanation."

So Gladys was introduced to the Villain and the Heroine, Tom Case and Lucy Bennett.

"You see, we are a theatrical troupe taking our summer vacation. We rehearse quite often, you see, and we didn't want any one to know it, since we would be so harrassed and annoyed."

And that night it was a repentant Gladys that explained it to the girls and said:

Don't let's ever, ever, ever 'butt in' again as long as we live!"

H. B., '07.

St. Peter—"Where are you from?"

Applicant—"Alameda."

St. Peter—"Did you take the ACORN?"

Applicant—"Yes."

St. Peter—"Did you pay your subscription?"

Applicant—"No, I forgot it."

St. Peter—***

—Ex. (with alterations.)





EDITORIALS.

"ACORN" STAFF

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EXCHANGE EDITOR	- - - - -	HELEN FULTON, '07½
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	{	RUTH HOLT, '08.
BUSINESS MANAGER	- - - - -	ALLAN C. BERINGER, '07½
ASSISTANT	- - - - -	HARRY SEPULVEDA '07

Here we have the last and final regular edition of the "Acorn." It certainly has been a pleasure to work for such a school. It is truly marvelous the way in which we have been supported. Material just rolls in, and makes the Editorial Table a veritable library of choice literature. Story after story pours in, and even overflows the room. In fact, there are so many, and they are so unusually bright and clever that it is only with the utmost difficulty that the best are segregated. For this issue we gave a five-dollar prize for the best story, merely as a reward for some one who has worked so hard for us during the term and deserves it. For the benefit of those who might think that we offered this because we did not have any stories, we say *No*. By no means was that the reason. It was simply the generosity of the executive committee.

The wall back of the josh box has broken in from the sheer weight of that worthy party's bulging contents. So we beg of you, control your mirth.

Then our subscription list: every one knows in what a flourishing condition that is. In some of the classes, where there are only thirty members, there are thirty-five subscriptions. Now, this can only be interpreted in

one way. Some of our generous patrons have ordered two subscriptions. There is a spirit worth while cultivating, and one which we like to see in young people. And what about that long line on "Acorn days" from the office out into the street? That in itself ought to prove our former statements. Any one seeing this would vividly be reminded of the first day's sale of seats for the grand opera. But no; it is just our worthy supporters, each in turn clamoring and fighting in a long and surging line for their "Acorn."

In closing, we can only add this for our successors. They may use the tons of material secreted in the drawers for which we have had no use, and we wish them the greatest joy and success in reaping their harvest.

FOOTBALL.

The school certainly owes a vote of thanks to the football heroes. They have labored diligently and faithfully to uphold the "White and Gold," and each and every one of them should be congratulated. They played seven games, and in every instance did themselves credit by their self-control, dignified and clean playing.

* * *

TRACK.

However, the football heroes are not the only ones we are indebted to, and the school certainly owes unlimited thanks to Mr. Macaulay. He stands out alone, as a bright star, shining at all the Field Days, and ever bringing credit to his school. A few more men who could make ten points at an A. A. L., and Alameda would certainly shine.

* * *

THE NEW "INTERSCHOLASTIC" MAGAZINE.

The Interscholastic Company of Los Angeles has announced the publication of "The Interscholastic," a quarterly magazine devoted to the interscholastic relations between high and preparatory schools in California, to appear January 15th. The magazine, which has on its editorial staff a number of Stanford writers, is to be a pandex of interscholastic literature and art, giving space through its columns to good articles written and and good drawings and cartoons made by school journalists, reproduced from representative school journals. It is to contain an athletic department, in which interscholastic athletics will be reviewed and discussed. There will be descriptive articles of prominent games and meets, and brief biographies and records of prominent high school record-breakers and athletes.

The magazine is to encourage education beyond the preparatory school by articles written by college men, setting forth the true spirit, life and conditions as they exist in our modern Western colleges. It is also to contain educational articles prepared by prominent educators, and a review of educational movements.

The first number will contain an article by President David Starr Jordan on "The Future of Stanford University," "The Intercollegiate Rugby Game," by Archie Rice, '95; "The Plug Uglies of 1907 and 1908 at Stanford," by K. A. Bickel, '07; "The Intercollegiate Freshman Game," by E. P. Stott, captain of the Varsity football team; and the "Senior Circus," by L. M. Edwards, '07, and "College Journalism," by B. S. Allen, '07.

The size of the magazine is to be the standard 6x9, and will contain 120 pages, profusely illustrated with pictures and drawings.

The management will be in the hands of S. S. Smith, '07, who will act as business manager, and V. C. McCollough, who will assume the managing editorship. The editorial staff is as follows: H. P. Bittner, '07—Editor in Chief. Department Editors: Literary—Miss Laura Wells, '09. Debating—W. F. Herron, '08. Athletic—H. S. Rixford, '09. Art—D. H. Ferry, '09. Dramatics—J. K. Hutchinson, '09.

The above is an extract from the "Daily Palo Alto." It is a subject that certainly is of vital interest to every High School student, and one well-deserving a little thought. Nothing could be done which would have a more broadening effect upon the high schools, or which would inspire a more zealous desire for a college education. It will not only aid in keeping the different high schools in touch with each other, but will also awaken an interest in college affairs.

The school, as a whole, we feel sure, appreciates this new idea, and hopes that if it be in its power it will be able to show its appreciation by helping in some way.

IN YE DAYS OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

(A Dramatic Dialogue Between Characters from Chaucer's
"Canterbury Tales.")

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

The Cook
The Miller

Harry Bailly, the Inn Keeper
Wife of Bath

SCENE—A Spring Woodland at mid-day. The murmur of the brook.

Enter Miller and Cook, talking lazily.

Frequent sound of laughter and singing from left.

Mil.—What thinkest thou of this sunny greenwood, friend?

Cook—I have never seen a fresher one in all merrie England since I have returned from my last cruise in the South Seas. There is scarcely a foot-path to follow.

Mil.—See yon brook! It seems hardly strong enough to turn a mill-wheel, and yet it seems to set those in my pate a-whirling!

Cook—And eek in mine. Methinks, perhaps, it's owing to those full goblets of wine.

Mil.—If I had my choice, I'd ride a quick horse down the knoll stretching yonder.

Cook—Aha, man, I have an idea! The company is not yet ready to begin its march. They are still passing the wine, and we shall have time enough. Seest thou the mule grazing with yon nag? Jump you on the nag, and I'll scramble into the saddle of the mule. We'll see who first reaches yon slender birch with the rook's nest perched so near the top. When we reach the spot, we can wait for the others who amble along so slowly.

Mil.—It's a go! But there must be some guerdon for our trouble.
I—

Enter Harry Bailly with Wife of Bath.

Harry Bailly—What ho! my merry men! For what is this need of recompense?

Cook—While waiting for the rest of the company, this good miller and myself decided to race over yon slope to the birch tree.

Mil.—I was just saying, we should be rewarded for our trouble and—

Har. Bail. (*turning to Wife of Bath and speaking in her ear*)—This is a fine way of deserting us. That's evident. How shall we reward the winner, good dame?

Wife of Bath—Just so, Sir Inn Keeper. I suggest that we reward him with this lucky stone which I brought from a Roman temple. It has never left me before (*drawing it from a leather pouch at her side.*) But gladly will I give it for the cause of such a frolic.

Mil. and Cook—Hurrah! Touch and go! (*They rush off to right.*)

Wife of Bath (*watching*)—Indeed, methinks they are a merry pair!

Har. Bail.—Aha! the cook is first to mount. I thought better of the miller! Now both have started.

Wife of Bath (*throwing aside her coverchief*)—Is not the mule spryer than the nag? Methinks the cook will win.

Har. Bail. (*pointing*)—Not so, good dame. They are both well down the slope, and well nigh the bend by the brook. But see! the cook's mule is running slower. He seems not to like the stinging thrusts of his rider! Look, the nag is gaining. Ho! the stubborn ass hath stopped to nibble the green blades at his feet. He minds not the blows at his ribs. Ha! Ha! the jade has passed ahead!

Wife of Bath (*throwing up her hands*)—Who'd have thought it! Well, he's won fairly. The mule's as immovable as the bed of the stream.

Har. Bail. (*laughing*)—The cook thought not of the nature of his beast, but of his condition. All's well that ends well, as the old adage goes, and the tortoise wins after all.

(*Both turn to left.*)

Har. Bail. (*shouting to Miller*)—Well done! Come up and have another tankard to give thee back thy wind.

MARJORIE COCKROFT, '06.

SOMETHING DOING.

You may not believe it, but nevertheless it is true, "Spider" Hinck and "Skinny" Burton actually had a fistic encounter. Yes, it started this way: "Skinny," as you probably know—or more probably don't know—is the little boy who rolls the tennis courts. Well, one fine morning in vacation, "Spider" thought he would enjoy a nice game of tennis with Miss Blank. But lo! and behold, when they arrived "Skinny" was about to roll the courts. The court roller attempted to persuade the tennis enthusiast to abandon his game, but in vain. Then "Skinny" bravely strode up and smote a blow most terrible to behold—and also to feel—on the end of Mr. Hinck's nasal organ. Then a fierce struggle ensued, which ended in both little boys being led home to their mammas.

"Spider" has given up tennis in favor of ping-pong, and "Skinny" has decided to fatten his purse in some other way than rolling high school tennis courts.



Friday afternoon, October 19th, the Associated Student Body held a rally, which was called to order by Vice-President Miss Spence. Among the speakers were Dr. Thompson, Mr. Gilbertson, Captain Paul, Manager Fassett, and Yell Leader Sepulveda. The trend of all the speakers was to rally the football team for the Berkeley-Alameda game.

There is no doubt but that the rally exerted a "do or die" spirit upon the men of the team. Certainly, their playing was a credit to any "prep." school. Although the opposing team was much heavier, Alameda won the game by a score of 4 to 0. The game was characterized throughout by Alameda's sensational playing.

* * *

The Candy Sale, which was held Wednesday, October 24th, by the young ladies of the school, for the benefit of the Girls' Athletic Association, was a decided success. If one were able to judge by the short time the supply lasted, it proved undoubtedly that the candy was appreciated.

The writer attempted to approach the room in which the candy was sold. Instantly he was caught in a whirl of hustling, bustling people, each endeavoring to reach the goal. At first it was impossible to distinguish whether he was in a cattle stampede or in the midst of a "Monday Bargain Day Sacrifice Sale," when suddenly an opening appeared. He sprang forward, obtained the candy, and was soon outside of the throng, holding with both hands the hard-fought-for reward.

Queening is now considered a past form, the correct word being "wooing." This may be considered "straight dope," having come from those who ought to know. It bears the endorsement of Claxton, Butler, Melcer, Fassett, Macaulay, "Bunny" Dexter and others.

* * *

"A Yankee Doodle Boy," named "Bill Simmons," landed on "Robinson Crusoe's Isle." "By the Light of the Honeymoon" in the "Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "Mrs. O'Harrahan" was "Waiting at the Church." "Little Girl You'll Do," he cried, "Not Because Your Hair is Curly," for if a "Girl Like You Liked a Boy Like Me" "In the Good Old Summer Time," "Lazy Moon" would "Let Me See You Smile." "How'd You Like to Spoon With Me?" he said. "Shame on You," she cried. Well "Every Little Bit Helps" "When Love is Young," and "Can't You See I'm Lonely?" "So Long, Mary," he cried "I'll Love You all the Time" for "Mary's a Grand Old Name."

Alameda 4, Berkeley 0. "Buck" Sundell's drop kick in the last few minutes of the play brought victory to the White and Gold, and realized the ambition which we have cherished for the past seven years. The game with our old-time rivals was, as usual, the best played and most exciting of the entire league schedule. It was a fighting, smashing contest from first to last, and throughout both of the twenty minute halves we played our opponents fairly off their feet. Captain Paul was his old clever self at quarter; Sundell and Jackson, the ends, both played magnificent games, and right down the line every man did exactly what was expected of him. The whole team played well and together, and their success was a well earned one. Berkeley was consistently out-kicked, while in bucking the line, Alameda put it all over the eleven from the foothills. We carried the ball for longer distances, and approached nearer to their goal-line than they did to ours at any period of the game. Trick plays worked well. Briefly, the game was played about as follows:

Johnson kicked off for Berkeley; the ball was caught by McFarland, who ran it in ten yards. A couple of line plunges failed to net the necessary yards, and Alameda punted. Berkeley fumbled on first down, and Foster fell on the ball. We gained our yards twice and fumbled. Fumbles were frequent on both sides all through the game. The rest of the first half was consumed in a back and forth fight up and down the field, with Alameda gaining the most ground. Just before the close of the half, Sundell tried a drop kick from the fifteen yard line; the line failed to hold, and the kick was blocked. End of first half.

Alameda opened the second half by kicking off to Berkeley; they ran the ball back fifteen yards. Berkeley gained on tackles around, but Alameda held and forced them to kick. The ball went far over the heads of our back-field, and rolled to Alameda's twenty-yard line, where Berkeley recovered it. Berkeley fumbled, and Foster grabbed the ball. Paul made a pretty quarter-back run for fifteen yards. The ball see-sawed up and down the field, the advantage resting for the most part with Alameda. Our half-back kicks and double passes worked well. As the end of the game drew near, our playing became faster. On a forward pass, Sundell took the ball for a spectacular run of thirty yards; Paul followed with a quarter-back sneak for seventeen, reaching Berkeley's ten-yard line. "Buck" dropped back five yards, and booted the ball cleanly between the goal posts. Time was up a few moments after. Score, Alameda 4, Berkeley 0.

ALAMEDA 0, ANDERSON'S 0.

October 6th we drew with Anderson's Academy in a no-score game, which was, nevertheless, well-contested on both sides. Alameda had the ball within half a foot of the Academy goal-line when the whistle blew, for the end of the first half. The second half the ball traveled up and down the field, with frequent punting. Had it not been for several costly fumbles, Alameda would undoubtedly have scored at least one touchdown. Several of the team were inclined to be a little nervous at critical times, but as it was the first league game of the season, this fault was excusable.

ALAMEDA 0, CENTERVILLE 5.

This, our first defeat, came as a surprise to Alameda, as it was not thought that the country lads had any chance at all. We therefore went into the game over-confident, and the unexpected strong showing of the Orange and Black in the first half resulted in a bad case of "rattles." They not only held us down all this half, but scored on a prettily-executed, though somewhat fluky, double pass. A glaring fumble in the Alameda back field was, however, the direct cause of the score. In the second half our fellows got together and carried the ball almost the entire length of the field, only to lose it on a fumble when a touchdown seemed inevitable. The Centerville boys played fast and clean, and won our respect by their gentlemanly conduct both on and off the field. Lack of team work lost for Alameda. The fact that the game was played during the mid-term vacation may have been responsible for this defect.

ALAMEDA 0, OAKLAND 6.

Harris's sixty-yard run to a touchdown directly between the goal posts, and Walton's goal kick won for the Blue in a slow and somewhat uninteresting game, which was distinctly marred by the repeated dirty playing of our opponents, and the manifestly unfair decisions of referee Frank Bock. The Alameda team played rather listlessly, and was in a somewhat crippled condition through the illness of Captain Paul, who arose from a sick bed to play with his team. Paul's grit is deserving of high praise, and his efforts for the school should be appreciated by the entire student body.

The following are the men who earned their block "A's" for the first time this season: Bates, Bronson, E. Bruzzone, J. Bruzzone, Brush, Butler, Gale, Greenwell, Frick, Foster, Melcer and Siegfried.

Russ McFarland is captain for next year, and Frank Butler, manager.

* * *

TRACK.

Three cheers for Macaulay! Alameda High has indeed good reason to be proud of her plucky little sprinter, who, in both the Bay County and Academic meets, out-distanced all the best quarter-milers of the California high schools. In the A. A. L., Ed. won both the two twenty and four forty yard dashes, thus being the greatest individual point-winner of the day. In both races he was in a class by himself, never being passed from start to finish. A perfect gale of wind blew all the afternoon, and prevented the athletes from any record breaking performances, and Macaulay's time of 54 1-5 in the quarter and 24 flat in the furlong was, therefore, highly creditable. In the B. C. A. L. four forty he would have clipped over a

second from the present record but for a deliberate foul by Crabtree of Lick, who elbowed the A. H. S. Runner out of his place and ran in front of him, forcing him to fall back or be tripped. Macaulay ran away from the field in the finish, winning by five yards from Holmes, the crack Berkeley High School runner. His time was 53 2-5, three-twentieths slower than the record. As the two twenty dash comes immediately after the quarter mile in the Bay County, Macaulay was unable to compete in it, as he was winded by the longer run. He could not have failed to win this event, as no one of any ability was entered, the race being won in very slow time. Macaulay's first places won sixth place for Alameda High in both meets from eleven teams in the Bay County and fourteen in the Academic, outscoring such strong schools as Palo Alto, San Jose, Lowell and Santa Clara. He has been picked for the All Bay County team, which is to meet the Stanford freshmen in November, and his performances at Palo Alto will be watched with great interest by the whole school.

F. R. C.

"Conductor! Conductor! Stop the car! I've dropped my wig out of the window."

"Never mind, madam. There's a switch just this side of the station."

—Ex.

* * *

We would like to know how many young ladies were the recipients of the tender affections of Ed. Higgins, Charles Dodge and Kenneth Abbott on the evening of November 2d. Several have begun "breach of promise suits" already.

* * *

Alfred Sundello,

A young man of note,
Would torture the person
By whom this was "wrote."

* * *

A couple of songs by a young Oakland man: "Can't you see I'm lonely," Adele, "In my merry Oldsmobile."

Just Hatched

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Youths', Boys' and Children's Clothing, Furnishings and Hats

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

As the months go on, there has been no loss of spirit and vim in basket-ball, and almost every Tuesday and Thursday the girls may be seen practicing. Of course, such games as the last Horton-Alameda game, where the score was 16 to 11 in favor of Alameda, are enough to keep any team enthusiastic. Then, too, the able efforts of Captain Coulter count a great deal.

The girls have given strong proof of their interestedness by the way in which they set to work and rolled, watered and marked off the court a few days ago. They are now very anxious to meet another school on the court, and hope for the hearty support of the school when a game does occur.

Saturday, September 27th, nine of the girls journeyed to Petaluma to meet that high school on the basket-ball field. The reports of the game are very encouraging, even though the score was 14 to 3 in favor of Petaluma. The girls tell us of a pleasant time and a very pleasant trip. The line-up was as follows: Guards—Neighbor, Schlageter. Centers—Rank, Grow, Sackett. Goals—Wood, Coulter. Substitutes—Brown, Dudley. The game was played in a gymnasium, which fact was, of course, rather a drawback to our girls. The three goals scored by Alameda were thrown by Miss Coulter.

We expect to play a return game with Petaluma in about two weeks, and then—well, just leave it to us!

This last game was one of the inciting causes of the Candy Sale, which was held on the 24th of September, and which proved so successful. We wish to take space here to thank both those who so kindly contributed and those who supported the sale. As usual, if we had had more candy, we could easily have sold it.

There is one more thing of which I wish to speak, and that is this habit of walking across the basket-ball court and placing large numerals upon it. Will it be necessary for us to disfigure the court by enclosing it? This applies especially to the boys. They seem to have no regard whatsoever for our work and feelings. They are careful enough of the tennis court, but they don't seem to think it injures the basket-ball court to walk over it with heavy, spiked, foot-ball shoes. Well, it does, and we ask you once for all: Please keep off!



SCHOOL NOTES.

The class of June, '07, gave their low senior dance on the 20th of October in the Assembly Hall. This dance was decidedly a great success, as everyone seemed to enjoy themselves to the utmost. The decorations were very pretty and effective, and the music was very good. The punch deserves honorable mention as to quality and quantity. But, low seniors, although your dance was a great success, you did not reach the great height attained by the December, '06, class in their low senior dance.

* * *

Eta Chapter of Alpha Sigma entertained at a sewing bee on Thursday, November 8th, at the home of Miss Ione Connor. About twenty girls, beside the members, participated in the afternoon's enjoyment. Later, refreshments were served, and the event proved to be most enjoyable.

* * *

Eta Chapter of Pi Delta Koppa held an initiation on Friday evening, November 2d, at the home of Harry Nason, at which three new members, Edwin Higgins, Kenneth Abbot and Charles Dodge, were taken in. Many visitors from our chapters around the bay were present, all of whom helped to make the occasion a success.

* * *

Mask and Book are planning a large time for the near future. Not only will the pledged candidates be made members, but a general social time will be enjoyed.

* * *

The members of Delta Kappa have enjoyed several little re-unions during the term, and are now looking forward to the night of the tenth, when Ed. Higgins and Will Foster will be endowed with all due honors.

* * *

The Question Club gave a dance at Harmonie Hall, October 27th. The affair was very pretty, and greatly enjoyed by all the guests.

* * *

The class of December, '06, is rehearsing daily for their play, "The Modern Cinderella." The play, without doubt, will be one of the best ever produced by the Alameda High School. The cast is selected entirely from the senior class, and a better one could not be wished for. The choruses are getting along very well. These, as well as the play, are also under the direction of Miss Hohfeld. The music is all new and very catchy. The

whole play goes through with a snap and vim, with many very funny incidents. The tickets will be on sale at school from the different members of the senior class, and seats can be reserved at Binder's. The price of the tickets is fifty cents all over the house. The cast of the play is as follows:

Lord Beaufoy	William Everts
Dr. Sutcliffe	Harry Nason
Beau Farintosh	Alan Frick
Jack Poyntz	Howard Fassett
Mr. Krux	Helmut Hinck
Mrs. Sutcliffe	Adele Ehrenberg
Bella	Jean Tyson
Naomi Tighe	Ida Spence
Tilly	Grace Renner
Milly	Em. Lou Frisbie
Laura	Helen Stroupe
Clara	Lila Thompson
Kitty	Marjorie Sockroft
Hetty	Helen Perkins



Ralph Marx, December, '05, who has been with a surveying party for the Southern Pacific, is home in Alameda for a while.

Helen White and May Bissell, June, '06, started about a week ago for the East. They expect to be gone a few months.

Florence Parker, December, '02, who has been teaching school in the country, has returned to Alameda for a few days. She expects to go back the last of the week.

Laura Wells, June, '05, is on the staff of the "Daily Palo Alto," at Stanford.

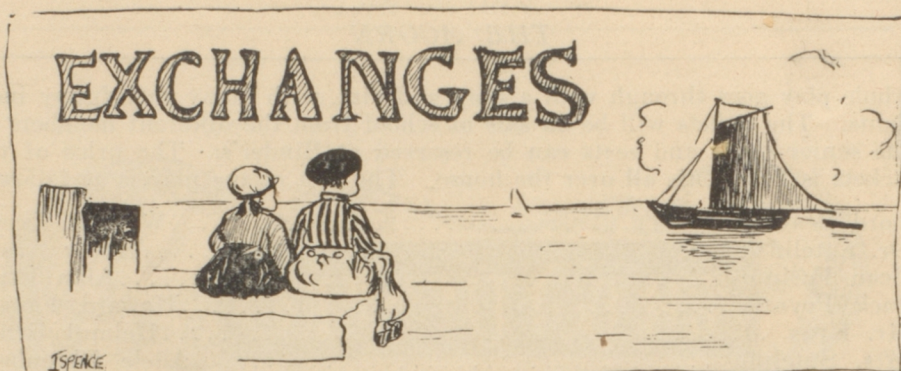
We hear that Louis Durkee is engaged to Miss Marie Dwyer, of Los Angeles.

Rose Schmidt, June, '04, took the leading role in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," given at the Greek Amphitheatre at Berkeley. She took her part exceedingly well, as was expected by all.

Harry Nason, June, '06, is a pledged Kappa Alpha, at Stanford.

Ethel Amann and Willow Butler, former A. H. S. graduates, expect to go East after Christmas.

Warren Innes, June, '06, is recovering from an injury of the knee. He expects to be well and around again in a short time.



THE EXCHANGES GIVE A PLAY.

Scene—Acorn office, Alameda High School.

Time—Present.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Lowell Lowell High, San Francisco.

Aegis Oakland High, Oakland.

Tocsin Santa Clara High, Santa Clara.

Lowell—Hello, friends, how's the lookout for exchanges this month?

Aegis—How are you, Lowell? Why, I think we are getting along very well.

Tocsin—Yes, we have a lot of papers, and some of them are fine.

Aegis—Lowell, you and the "Tocsin" are very good this month, among the best papers on the table.

Tocsin—The "Sentinel" from Harvard School, Los Angeles, is ~~will~~ gotten up. I like the heading for Athletic Notes immensely.

Lowell—We have been joined by the "Dragon" from Newport, Rhode Island. I think that a few more pages of reading matter, including an exchange column, would be a great improvement.

Aegis—I agree with you, but here is a very good paper, the "Bell," from San Jose. They have a very original cut for School Notes, and I like their marginal decorations.

Tocsin—But, Aegis, we haven't heard from you for some time. Why don't you come to the "Acorn" exchange table any more?

Aegis—For some reason unknown to me, my exchange editor has not seen fit to send me. I'm not as bad as the "Olla Pod.," though, because there's only been one copy of it, and the "Acorn" said that he wished they would send a copy.

Tocsin—I don't like the cuts in the Sacramento "Review," because I think that cartoons are out of place in a high school paper. I also think that they should have a more dignified cover design.

Lowell—Sacred Heart College, San Francisco, has gotten out an excellent paper, "The Blue and White." The only suggestion I would offer is that it would improve the appearance of the paper to have cuts at the heads of some of the departments.

Aegis—Once more we say, all papers should have an exchange column. The "Normal Record," from Chico, has none. Otherwise it is very good.

Lowell—The "Duss," San Diego, is a very attractive paper; the cover design is unusually effective.

Tocsin—The "Arrow" from Mastick School, Alameda, is very good, but it seems to me that they are assuming a rather domineering tone in the editorials. We all admit the need of a public playground in Alameda.

Chorus—Good-bye, every one. We have enjoyed your company very much.



Miss Cohen (to D. T., who has been talking her head off)—“Where have you been?”

Miss T.—“In my seat.”

Miss Cohen (to Roger, in same condition)—“And where have you been?”

R. H.—“In the same place.”

* * *

FROM A BRIGHT LOW SENIOR.

It isn't very often we hear of people eating lumber, but we have heard of them dining on shipboard.

* * *

George Browning (translating Latin)—“In this battle, about one hundred and thirty thousand survived and the others continued fighting.”

* * *

Said Helmut to Allen:

“You ought to reduce.”

Said Allen to Helmut:

“Oh, fudge! what's the use?”

* * *

Bessie—“Do you know why Jean might be said to have a sweet tooth?”

Lloyd—“No. Why?”

Bessie—“Because she likes ‘Honey.’”

* * *

We think it's a shame for you boys not to have elected Dowdle football captain. Ed. is so nice to us girls that he can have anything he wants. So we are going to elect him captain of our basket-ball team.

(Signed) The Girls.

MEN AND THEIR WAYS.

Wise men drink sage tea.

Sailors are fond of port.

Pugilists are partial to claret punch.

Managers of the “Acorn” drink half-and-half.

Many well persons drink well water.

The luggage-burdened traveler asks for porter.

Poultrymen want cock-tails.

Cotton-growers must have their gin.

Tanned summer girls request lemon-ade (aid).—Ex.

Foolish Freshman—"Why does a jelly roll?"

Smart Junior—"Because a tomato can."—Ex.

* * *

Mr. Minium (in Senior A Physics)—Mr. Bailey, how many sides has a sphere?"

Don—"Two sides—inside and outside."

* * *

"Let's brain him," said the Junior,
And the victim's courage fled.
You can't—he's a Freshman,
Just hit him on the head.—Ex.

* * *

Mr. Gilbertson (in Senior A History)—"Miss Yates, have you bought the history by Bryce yet?"

Bessie—"No, sir. I haven't the Bryce." (price.)

* * *

Father—"Johnny, what are you making all that racket for?"

Johnny—"So I can go and play tennis with it."

Father—"Then you'll need a bawl, too. Bring me the trunk strap, young man."—Ex.

* * *

Wasn't it funny that when Miss Cohen told Miss Bickford to borrow a book that she walked to the opposite corner of the room, and borrowed Kenneth Rogers' "Love Lyrics?"

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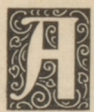
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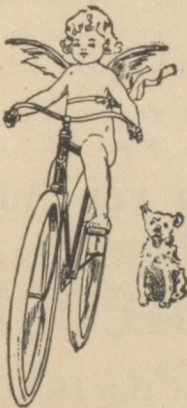
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* * *

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